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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 4.

—— Cortex in verba novissima venit.
Ovid Met.

I HAPPENED the other night, to be raised from the refreshment of a soft and deep repose, with some unusual disturbances, as I thought, very near my lodging; but could not by the stictest attention make any discovery, and was therefore encouraged to sink down again into a sleep, which let me into the following vision.

Methought, I had risen very early, with the opening of the dawn, and was preparing to receive the advantages of the morning air. Having buckled, and braced, and, according to my usual practice, drenched my temples in a cold bath, I opened the door, and had no sooner let out my head into the yard, but I observed my wood-pile to lye under some considerable discomposure and bereavement. All the logs of note and eminence were displaced; some were thrown from their lofty stations, and others were mounted upon a slope or a perpendicular, but all the small and sizeable sticks, had deserted, and gone out of my jurisdiction. I walked out with some surprise and consternation towards a large log, that had for some time done the duty of a centinel; and which I now found lying at the entrance of my gate. As I was making my approach, methought the unweildy creature, had, with abundance of labour and difficulty, erected itself upon one end, and began in low and faultring accents, to make me the following historical complaint.

I had my birth and education, says he, on the edge of a great swamp in the town of *Scituate*. And having the start of some of my contemporaries, and the advantage of a superior bulk and circumference, I seem'd to bid the fairest for the supremacy, and was accordingly, for many years the absolute monarch of the whole shady empire. I reigned long enough to bury all my children, to see my subjects diminished by degrees, and at last my nearest neighbours, rifled and captivated, and myself left alone, and exposed to the shocks of every storm and encounter. Several persons had endeavoured to overthrow me: once I had liked to have had my bark stripp'd off for the tanner, and at another time I was assaulted by a strolling Jacknapes, who had chipped me almost half through the body, and had infallibly cut me down, but that he was at that very time, tempted to pay a visit to his rum-bottle, which very kindly laid my gentleman asleep, and diverted

him from his wicked purpose. Thus I continued for many years, till a brawny yeoman, took it in his head one morning, to try a new axe which he had just purchas'd; and fell a labouring upon my old wound with such a fury, as soon brought down my hoary honours with shatterings to the ground. He lopt off my aged arms, prun'd every branch and twig, trim'd me several inches shorter than the market length, and then shipped me for *Boston*.

It is now two long years since I have been in your service, and have received nothing but kindness and civility at your hands: tho', I can assure you that I have stood the brunt of many a skirmish, with some of your near neighbours, who, would divers times have carried me away by violence, but were not able to manage me. But among all my troubles, I was this night in the most imminent hazard of losing my life. You had no sooner retired to your rest, but a forlorn creature entered the yard with an easy step, and finding all silent and secure, he made up towards your range of wood, and freighted away his tattered attendance, with all the stripling sticks that he could readily command. At length he made an attempt upon your old servant that is now speaking to you. And after a considerable struggle, with many blows on both sides, and the loss of some blood, the filthy bruit had so far got the victory, as to mount me upon his shoulders, and was actually staggering away, with one of the strongest pieces of fireing in your whole territories. But whether he was startled at the footsteps of the watch that were then very luckily passing; or whether he might be gauled at the shoulder, or conscience, I know not: but on a sudden he gave me a tilt, and brought me to the ground with such a violence, as has bruised several of my ribs, and reduced me to my present illness and disfigurement. My antagonist fled, and here I have lain groaning, in a slavish expectation of his return, and a renewed attack; which I am persuaded, would, under my great weakness, prove too hard for me.

As soon as the poor old cripple had closed this melancholy relation. I found myself touched with a kind of sympathy and concern, and sprung to the gate, to speak with this same night-walker, but could not find any body within the reach of my sight, except one man; who had just been into his neighbour's cellar, and helped himself very kindly, to a loaf of bread, and a stately joint of meat, dripping from the powdering-tub.

After I had traversed the streets, and was just taking in my eye from the fruitless pursuit, I happened at that juncture, to behold a large lock of hay tumbling down from my barn-window, to a cow that belonged to another family. I had the curiosity to make some modest advances, and as I was looking very wistfully towards the barn, I discerned a humane face, gradually shooting out of the window, till I had so fair an observation as to satisfy me, that it was my kind and prudent neighbour, Mr. *Ichabod Thrifty*. Being very much surprised to see the right owner so near him, he shrunk in his head, catched up another lock of my hay (for he had none of his own) and clambered over into his own apartment, which was divided from mine, by a very low partition. In less than a minute, he

was looking out of his own window, and inviting his cow to leave the portion which he had just bequeathed her; holding out the hay in my sight, for some time, with a design, as I conjectured, to persuade me that the provender which he had borrowed, was taken from his own magazine.

As I was secretly admiring the cunning and frugality of my friend *Ichabod*, I was suddenly thrown out of my long dream, by a prodigious clamour and uproar in our street; and which I perceived, was gathering and increasing very sensibly upon my ear. I turned out in a fright to inform myself of the reason, and was not a little concerned to find, that the body of these nocturnal revellers consisted chiefly of young gentlemen; who had been that night, sadly wounded in the wars of *Bacchus*, and were now taking their revenge upon all the glass windows, and casements, that were low enough for their purpose.

I stood till they had fired a broad-side upon my house, and bellowed the whole neighbourhood to their windows, and then silently returned to my pillow, and spent the remaining part of the night, in reflecting upon the variety, strangeness, and regularity of my dream, and cannot to this minute be persuaded; that the substance of it, is not a sad reality.

It is certainly very much in the power of the most abandoned part of our species, to plunder us when we are in our beds, and by their unseasonable visits, to deprive us of our necessary rest, and to render our lives and estates, uncomfortable and precarious. Of how little value would a life be, that is favoured with a confluence of all other external blessings, if these monsters of humanity should be constantly let loose upon their fellow-creatures, to ravage and prey upon our substance, and to throw us out of our sleep, into a surprise that borders very near upon distraction? All those pleasant enjoyments, which help to soften and moderate the troubles of our pilgrimage, would lie entirely at the mercy and pleasure, of rapine and violence: it could not be of any significance, to plead our title to the purchase of our labours, the bounties of Providence, or the donation of our ancestors; since the subtilty and fraud of these common enemies of mankind, might easily alter the property of our enjoyments, and make us but the more miserable, for the loss of those treasures, which they are holding by an unlawful possession.

The only security that we can propose to ourselves, is a humble dependence upon the great superintendent, who never slumbers nor sleeps, but keeps an ever watchful eye upon these creatures, and can hold them under very merciful restraints, even while they have a most barbarous inclination to devour their innocent and unguarded neighbours. U.

[A late European publication contains the copy of a speech, delivered in a provincial *Literary Society*, on the first admittance of a gentleman who was to fill the station of a deceased member. To many members of the associated literati of *our* country, the subsequent eulogy would apply; and its perusal is recommended to those, who seek such honours as our learned institutions bestow]

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the honour I feel at being admitted in this areopagus of literature, where the

members speak little, and write less, but think much. How greatly does it surpass the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the productions of which yearly fill enormous volumes! in this learned society you do not discuss subjects which might lead to dissention, but your minds are wrapped in sober reflection. In former times, the inhabitants of the country endeavoured to imitate the actions of Londoners; but now I have been assured that the case is reversed, and that in many public meetings no other noise is heard for several hours but the rattling of knives and forks, and the ringing of glasses. How glorious is it for you, gentlemen, to see those proud citizens who would have disdained your society, now take you for their models. But now that I am on this theme, how shall I ever be able to equal the exalted character I have been chosen to replace. (Here the speaker stopped for a moment, to receive the applause so justly his due). Ah! if I cannot equal him, I will at least endeavour to tread in his footsteps; and to further this, I will give you a sketch of his life and exemplary qualities.

Do not expect to hear a relation of battles; he disdained the glory of arms. Do not search in his history for the haughty cares of a magistrate, who wishes to change the laws of his country, and cause a revolution. No; he trampled under foot the grandeurs of the earth; and when his admirers wished to make him a justice of the peace, he rejected the offer, not with that feigned modesty which Cæsar affected when Anthony offered him the crown, but with a frankness that was truly philosophical. "I understand nothing of these things," said he. What genuine sense is comprised in these few words? Is not all that the Grecian and Roman philosophers have said on the subject of troubles being inseparably allied with dignities, contained in this simple and laconic answer? I am persuaded that people of real taste will prefer it to all that has been said by our most celebrated poets.

Do not impose on me the task of giving you an analysis of his works, for his modesty has prevented it. He was far from sharing in the conceit of so many writers, whose motive for publishing the fruits of their labours is rather to be admired than to instruct the world. No one has ever doubted, gentlemen, that if he had taken up the pen, he would have surpassed Shakespeare, Milton, Hume, and all our most celebrated authors. He used to declare it, with that ingenuousness with which you were so well acquainted. "Yes," added he, "fame would then single me out; I am a mortal, I am weak, and some emotions of pride might alter the serenity of my soul." "But," observed a friend, "you need not put your name to your works." I should always be discovered;" replied he, "and the voice of praise would trouble the peace which reigns in my retreat." He preserved this system so obstinately, that when he was admitted one of you, you were forced to dispense with the customary speech on these occasions; an exception which, I believe, has been made for him alone, and which exemplifies your modesty as much as his; because, in this speech, he could not have swerved from the established rule of praising you, and himself. He was magnanimous, for he disdained honours. He was possessed of talents, for he care-

fully concealed them. He was a deep thinker, for he never revealed the subject of his meditations. His mother relates, that three nights previous to his birth, she had three dreams, in which she saw three laurel-wreaths placed on her child's head by three muses, who alternately suckled him. I know that many learned men will refuse to credit this, for a very good reason; because their mothers have not had a similar warning. But Heaven sometimes grants that to great minds, which it will not to the vulgar.

At an early age he was sent to school. Here the history of his life becomes rather obscure, and offers a problem which I will solve. Some pretend that he shone conspicuous in the classes; others, that he always held the lowest places. If the first tradition be true, his extraordinary talents already began to expand; but if we must adopt the second, he disdained scholastic fame, or nature wished to ripen the fruit before it was possible to descry the germ. However I know he made a particular study of the syntax, but despised mathematics, astronomy, natural and moral history, and all those trifling sciences which neither improve the mind nor the heart. On leaving school, his mother desired him to choose a profession; but he disliked them all. "What then will you do?" said she. "I will think," was this young philosopher's reply. "Well, then think," rejoined this illustrious woman, this model for mothers. In effect, he employed all his life in reflection. He read but little, because there are so few good books; and even when he perused the best authors, he generally fell asleep, because he felt his own superiority over those whose works delight the world. Charades and logogryphs were his most favourite study. "How often, gentlemen, have you beheld him, like a new Œdipus, endeavouring to find out the word of a logogryph, with an eagerness that cannot be described; if he could not succeed, he would beat his forehead, tear his hair, and show all the signs of a man in despair! this is the only time in his whole life when his phlegm and his courage were not in unison with his general behaviour. But when he had hit on the word, how his face was illuminated with joy! No, that of a monarch who had just been crowned, never expressed any thing half so sublime or majestic. I owe to his fame to declare here, that he once sacrificed it entirely to me. I was seeking the word of an enigma, he found it out, and came and whispered it in my ear, permitted me to take the whole credit of it, and never revealed this secret to the day of his death; unlike those indiscreet authors, who only lend their pens to their friends to claim two days afterwards the works they had given them.

In short, gentlemen, he condescended to familiarize himself with the lowest ranks of people, and could so easily assume the language of the most illiterate peasant, that one would have imagined it was natural to him. His company was agreeable, and the appetite with which he ate, excited it in others. Recall to your remembrance, gentlemen, the superb feast he gave you on the day of his reception; that soup, those exquisite pies, those ——. But I perceive, gentlemen, that I increase the grief you feel at his loss, and I will leave off

speaking to weep with you for the death of this wonderful man, who gave excellent dinners, and did not require them to be returned. Grief stifles my voice, and I have scarcely strength to read the sentence with which I intend to conclude. I proposed to make this great character my model, and I feel that I have transgressed against the law he had laid down by composing this; but it is the only time I will wander from his traces, and during the remainder of my life, I pledge myself to you, as well as to the public, to be his faithful imitator. Allow me to add two more words, gentlemen, before I sit down. There have only been found among the papers of this great man two verses of a madrigal; the first was composed ten years ago, the second four. Merciless death has prevented him from writing the two last, and crowning his work. The following are the two verses in question:

"Cupid is a wanton child,
"Whose eyes and playful language."

Which of us, gentlemen, would dare to put a finishing hand to this posthumous master-piece? Ah! let us rather carefully preserve it in its native beauty in our society, and not imitate those bold commentators who have dared to fill up the unfinished lines which Virgil had left in the six last books of his Eneid. E. R.

THE DRAMA.

No. 14.

FOR THE EMERALD.

VENICE PRESERVED.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 10.

THIS tragedy has been so frequently represented within the last three years, that superior inducements must be held out to the public, to warrant the anticipation of much amusement, on one hand, or a crowded house on the other. And indeed, that attraction operated in its fullest force on Wednesday evening, Mr. Fennell having agreed to perform with Mr. Cooper, chose the part of Jaffier, while Mr Cooper personated that of Pierre. Jaffier is one of those characters best calculated for the stage; possessed of that middle compound disposition, "without firmness enough to avoid a dishonourable action, but with feeling enough to be ashamed of it" When the play of Venice Preserved was revived by Mr. Garrick, in the first year of his management of Drury Lane theatre he took the part of Jaffier to himself, leaving that of Pierre to Barry. The variety of situations into which Jaffier is thrown, are so contrasted and affecting; that though you despise his weakness, you pity his misfortunes. His love, his revenge, his humour, his jealousy his remorse, his meanness, are all evident, definite, and powerful. It requires, therefore, great talents and exterior requisites, to represent it with justness and propriety. Pierre on the contrary, is a most thorough counterpart. His firmness and courage are ever unshaken; his friendship remains until the weakness or unfaithfulness of Jaffier has forfeited all claims to its continuance; and his manly generous disposition is such, that treason to the state, in him is overlooked, in the general approbation which they extort He is not so much hated for his treachery as admired for his boldness. However justly therefore, the moralist may decry this character, the actor finds in it a theme of exultation. For as the favourable impressions of the auditor are readily transferred from the character to the agent, the personator of Pierre is always dismissed with approbation and applause.

The character of Pierre is marked by Otway, in lines too bold to be mistaken. Not that Mr. Cooper would have misconceived the part from a less prominent outline. But a tragedian will often find it easier to speak to a questionable shape, than to answer the bold, and indisputable exactions of a decided character. A soldier and a friend, in whom it is doubtful whether the ruling passion be the love of arms, or of Jaffier, Pierre will continue to interest, while courage is popular, and conciliate, while friendship can excite sympathy. Though his ruling passion may be

indeed in some degree doubtful, yet the martial seems clearly to be the predominent cast of the character. He feels no sympathy for Jaffier's domestic interviews, till he finds something that would wound a soldier's honour, has either caused or prolonged them. Wherever tenderness is introduced into this dramatic portraiture, it is only as a sort of light to relieve the general martial shade of the picture. To this Mr. Cooper was so minutely attentive, that if the portrait was not made for him, he seemed made for the potrait. He gave the real life of the canvas. The tender passages were given with effect; but it was tenderness in armour; the soldier's stiffness in unbending.

The scene with the conspirators, where Renault first charges Jaffier with treachery, was extremely well sustained by Mr. Cooper. His attitude with the drawn sword at the door, upon their resolving with one voice to pursue and slay his friend, was fine. In this scene occurred, though with some trivial alteration of the text, a striking instance of judicious vociferation. It was in putting the interrogations, Is it you, sir? Is it you? till coming to old Renault, he says in a very low tone of voice, that deepened the incision of contempt—*or is it you?* We mention this particularly because Mr. Cooper's voice too often breaks upon judgment as well as the ear. The passage,

" Put up thy sword, old man,
" *Thy hand shakes at it;*"

without meaning any invidious comparison, we think we have heard from Mr. Caulfield to better effect Mr. Cooper in some degree hurried over it.

On the first meeting with Jaffier, in the artful self-denunciation for villainy, the last line of the subsequent passage, was uttered in the happiest possible union of tone and emphasis.

" I'd not betray my friend,
"To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
" A BLOWN-UP FOOL ABOVE ME—*or crush the wretch beneath me.*"

The top of the climax of stinging remembrances; the last suggestion, that crowns Pierre's triumph over Jaffier's loyalty, and " wins him to his purpose," was given by Mr. Cooper with appropriate gesture and with features, in the lines of which the eye caught the words of the author, before they reached the ear.

" Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
" To do it right; oh Jaffier! Then might'st thou
" Not wear *these seals of woe* upon thy face;
" The PROUD *Priuli* should be taught humanity,
" And *learn* to value *such a son as thou* art.
" I dare not *speak*, but my *heart bleeds* this moment."

The taunt, after the reproof of Jaffier's horror:

" What! starve like *beggars' brats* in *frosty* weather,
" Under a hedge, and *whine* ourselves to death;"

was given in an undertone, and struck with scorpion sting upon the heart.

In act second, the injunction of the oath,

" And when I've told thee that which only gods,
" And men, *like gods*, are privy to, then *swear.*"

The emphasis in the last line struck.

The display of the objects of the plot; Jaffier's freedom from Priuli's tyranny; the healing of his sequestered fortunes; his own freedom from opprobrium; " all Venice free" " growing merit have its just right;

——— " *fools* shall be pull'd
" From *wisdom's* seat; those *baleful, unclean* birds,
" Those *lazy* owls, who perch'd near fortune's top,
" Sit only watchful with their *heavy* wings,
" To *cuff down* new fledg'd virtue, that would rise
" To *nobler* heights, and make the grove harmonious."

The lines quoted we have attempted to score. But it is impossible to mark the intermingling varieties of intonation, that distinctly struck the delicate ear, and made this passage charm with all the melody of music, which Mr. Cooper's signal felicity at vocal modulation certainly gave it.

His premonition to Jaffier, to prepare him for the interview, was well spoken, very properly in a tone that was *only not rant.* It was just enough like the thing, but not the thing itself.

" But be a *man*, for thou'rt to mix with *men*,
" Fit to *disturb* the *peace of all the world*,
" And *rule* it—when 'tis *wildest.*"

Mr. Cooper gave the line,

" How *lovely* the Adriatic *where*,"

thus, " How *lovelily* the Adriatic."

A judicious alteration, especially as *lovelily* is an adverb adopted into the language, on the authority of Otway; and the expression at the close of the figure, " *hiss in her foundations*," was thus made more rhetorically apposite. This whole passage was well uttered.

The allusion to the dagger, in the speech to Renault:

——" I wear a dagger here,
" Shall rip it out again and give you rest,"

was given with a too rending violence of voice. The utterance of this line should be only less tender than that of Jaffier's allusion to his sword,

" It shrinks not, though it meet a father there;"

as Pierre's character is less tender, than Jaffier's. But the shade of difference should be so slight as to be almost evanescent, since Pierre's attachment to his friend must be supposed infinitely to exceed that of Jaffier to his unrelenting father in law. In Mr. Cooper's utterance of this passage, there was no tenderness at all. " *Declamation* roared while *passion* slept."

Mr. C. spurned the proffer of confession with a force, that was true to the gallant *cavalierliness* of the character.

" Cursed be your senate; cursed your constitution," &c.

The whole scene with Jaffier after the senators had retired, was well played. The conflict between scorn and humiliation was a keen encounter. The passages,

" No, this *vile* world and *I* have *long* been *jangling*,
" And cannot part on *better* terms than *now*,
" When only men, *like thee*, are fit to live in't," &c.

and the restoration of the dagger, with the abjuration of all friendship or interest with him, though their years

" Were to exceed those limited the world,"

are entitled to selection for *energy* of delivery.

But in the interrogation,

And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine,
" *Base* as thou 'rt *false*."

the last words were sent into the air without force enough to impel the sense.

To recur to the scene with Renault, for in our critic madness we pretend to no method, the abrupt monosyllable questions were given with stern loudness, and with admirable effect.

Renault. " I for my own part wear a *dagger*—
Pierre. " WELL.
Renault. " And I could wish it—
Pierre. " WHERE?
Renault. " Buried in his heart.
Pierre " *Away*;" &c.

In the rack scene, not to be hypercritical, the omission of the " *prythee*," where beginning to apologise to Jaffier for the blow, was not among the omissions of taste, evinced this evening. It is gently expressive of humility and besides — it is the word of the author.

But in the midst of the interesting communication with Jaffier, on the officer's saying,

" *The day grows late, Sir.*"

The answer, " I ll make haste," was given with a haughty elevation of crest, a dignified self-collection, and not in the somewhat confused manner, in which a man would naturally reply to an interruption at so momentous a crisis, from *one having authority* on such an occasion.

The *pantomime* intimation, and apprehension of the fatal favor, requested, spoke louder than words to every individual in the house.

Pierre's grin of triumph at his last moment was well given by Cooper, and showed " the ruling passion strong in death."

We may seem to have gone on in this analysis, exclaiming at every step, " *Pulchrè, benè, rectè*." If so, it is from conviction; nor from any fear of imputation for want of candour; the bare mention of which is perhaps too great a compliment to the cant of carpers. We know no other honour attached to any tragedian, than the acting well his part. That it was not very bright honour, that Mr. Cooper plucked this evening, may indeed be the fault rather of the character than the performer. Be this as it may, we are still far from thinking the part of Pierre entitled to rank among Mr. Cooper's ablest personations.

We have some doubts respecting the correctness of rigid criticism, as applied to performers who come before the public, under the peculiar circumstances in which Mr. Fennell appeared. Our ge-

eral impression, however, is, that any person who offers himself to the public, under whatever circumstances, is subject to public investigation. We are happy, therefore, with respect to him, our opinions are expressions of praise; and though the delicacy of his situation would restrain the pen of censure, the same feeling has no effect in curbing commendation The outline of Jaffier was bold and commanding; and was filled up with various success. The tenderness and pathos, the ardent friendship and sincere repentance of the character, were judiciously defined; but we do not think so well of the traitorous passions, so to speak, in which he was deficient in spirit and farce. Thus when he is brought before the conspirators he wanted *energy* in the delivery of his address. The scene with Renault was well managed. The utterance of the lines of double meaning, which have been so much celebrated, could not easily have been surpassed.

——" Curs'd be he that *doubts*
" Thy virtue. I have *tried* it, and declare
" Were I to chuse a guardian of my honour,
" I'd put it in *thy* keeping, for I *know thee*."
——" There's no *falsehood* in thee,
" Thou *look'st* just what thou *art*."

The passage when delivering up Belvidera as a hostage, was admirably uttered, with great solemnity of manner and impression of voice.

" To you, sirs, and your honours I bequeath her,
" And with her *this*; when I prove unworthy,
" You know *the rest*—then strike it to her heart.

Mr. Fennell, we think, mistook this line,

" Thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be *bad*; and the brave story warms me."

He laid his stress on *revenge*; which taken in connection with the context, is certainly not peculiarly emphatic. To quote the numerous passages in which Mr. Fennell excelled, would be to accumulate beyond the limits of our paper: we can only further remark in general, that the new readings which he gave, were striking and judicious; and the whole part was conceived in a manner different from any previous personation on the Boston boards. We will not omit, however the striking passage, where Jaffier supposes he sees his friend upon the rack.

——————" He groans!
" Hark how he groans! his screams are in my ears!
" See, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,
" And now they tear him—murder! perjur'd senate!
" Murder—oh—hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this."

Our space will not allow many remarks on the Belvidera of Mrs. Stanley; she however has considerably corrected her voice, which we view with pleasure; and will venture to predict, if she will pay particular attention to this defect, she will increase in favour with the public; and from her judgment and conception will not fail of receiving encouragement and applause.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A certain curate being desired by a sick person, to introduce his name among those expressly prayed for in the service, demanded of him how it happened, that when in health, he never saw him at church, but found that he was always desirous of the prayers of good Christians when afflicted with disease.

" I will explain this matter to you," said the countryman, " when I have my health, the providing for my family, and the cares of the world, so thoroughly occupy my mind, that I really find neither time nor inclination to think of any thing else, *it is only when I am ill that I am devout.*"

" How then can you be so unreasonable," said the ecclesiastic, " as to desire that I should take any step that would be likely to put religion, and the thoughts of futurity out of your head? indeed I will do no such thing; either resolve to perform your religious exercises

when in health, or continue sick and repentant, till you are brought to a sense of your duty."

"By a good preacher," says a modern writer, "I do not mean a man of noise and gesture, who preaches up himself rather than his subjects, ascends the pulpit for the same reason that too many go to church.

"By a good preacher, I understand a man of solid, but not shining parts, improved by education, who, entering into the spirit of the holy scriptures, speaks what he feels, and feels what is just; who is clear and copious; accurate and persuasive; more attentive to sense than sound; to matter than manner; to dignity of sentiment than loftiness of style; whose discourses have as much simplicity as will render them instructive to the common people, and at the same time as much sublimity as will make them acceptable and useful to the more refined classes of society."

Solitude is often necessary, and sometimes agreeable; but I cannot help thinking that retirement is considerably improved by now and then having somebody to tell, how pleasant and comfortable a thing it is.

To break long confirmed habits, and to attack prejudices, which however philosophically wrong, are often practically right; to mend the various and infinitely diversified wheels of society, requires such a union of gentleness and wisdom, strength and dexterity, as falls to the lot of few

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"There is an author," says a late writer, speaking of Richardson, "of whom I find it difficult to say, whether he pleases or offends me most, and often in the most touching and entertaining passages of his narrative.

"His great fault is a want of taste; this occasions him often to disgust his reader by dwelling on trivial silly circumstances, and often carries him into puerile delicacy and refinement; his men of the world are strange debauchees, his women ridiculous outres."

Yet with all his faults, Richardson is original in his way. interesting, pure, pathetic, and often sublime; the art he was most deficient in, was that last, that necessary art *the art to blot*.

Stanza on a Rose, *supposed* to have been presented to his mistress by a partizan, during the contests of Lancaster and York.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Internal evidence is strongly against the antiquity of this trifle the author of it had evidently seen the lines of Waller, on a lady walking in the snow.

The envious flakes which dropp'd in haste
Upon her breast so fair,
Grieving to find themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

The passions are ponies, high-mettled and strong,
Which whirl us thro' life's dusty road along;
Drunk or sober sits reason with reins in his hand,
The steeds wing'd with fire, which he has to command;
No wonder they often then gallop the way
Thro' thick and thro' thin from the right road astray:
Their prancings and caperings produce sometimes ill;
But take out the horses—the COACH then stands still!

Rousseau has been described as "a man *more sinned against than sinning*," yet I doubt if this species of defence will bear the test of examination; he who means to live *in* the world and *by* the world, must to a certain degree, accommodate himself to the situation in which he is placed; he must give as well as take; and to refuse paying the tax of submission to public opinion, in matters not criminal, I have sometimes been tempted to think a capital crime, as well as a very gross error.

I *now* begin to think, that singularity is *vicious* as well as *absurd*, because, as I have elsewhere observed, it shuts out from social intercoure men well qualified for improving it.

The man, seduced by beauty and personal accomplishments, to chuse his wife from circles devoted to constant diversion, and unceasing round of amusements, to music, cards, and dancing, must not be disappointed, if his partner for life should prove averse to the hours and duties of a well regulated family.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Watchmaking.—Mr. Grebel, watchmaker, at Paris, has obtained a patent for a discovery which may become of general utility. He has invented a pendulum which has no weight, and which has entirely the form of a ball: the dial is transparent, and by the means of a reflecting lamp, and a current of air, shews the hour at a great distance. In consequence of a peculiar contrivance, neither the hands, the pivot of which they turn, nor the balance, cast any shadow. A considerable degree of light may be given to it, which, if necessary, may be diminished to the simple gleam of a rush light, thus forming a most convenient appendage to the chambers of the sick: it will also prove very advantageous to all classes of society, as it may be adapted to public clocks, and while it renders the hour distinguishable at every moment of the night, will, at the same time, prove an excellent reverberating lamp.

The Comet was first observed in England, by a Gentleman at Easton in Suffolk, near Wickham Market, on the evening of Monday, the 28th of September, about seven o'clock.

According to a very curious calculation, it has been ascertained that an acre of land planted with potatoes will produce sufficient food for 16,875 healthy men for one meal, while an acre of wheat will not feed more than 2,745. The expence of cultivating tbe potatoes is estimated at 12*l.* 1s. and that of the wheat at 11*l.* 16s.

The new Theatre now building for the College of Surgeons, behind their House in Lincoln's-inn-fields, will, when finished, be the most complete edifice of that kind in this country. It will contain every necessary appendage; and will, further, be decorated with a magnificent *facade* towards Portugal-Street. The expence will be considerable, but the utility unquestionable.

Cooke has obtained his enlargement and engaged himself with the Edinburgh Dramatic Corps.

DOMESTIC.

Messrs. Russell and Cutler, have completed the second volume of the "*Ladies Cabinet of Polite Literature*," consisting of select and elegant Poems; which will be ready for sale in a few days.

A Mr. J. W. Hunt, sometime past, established a Duck Manufactory, in Lexington, in Kentucky.—It has latterly been employed in spinning and weaving cotton bagging. It produces annually from 36 to 40 thousand yards of bagging, which finds ready sale at Nashville, Natchez and N. Orleans.

POETRY.

One of the ancient legends of popish history, has been versified in no mean numbers, by a modern poet. Tho' the faith of our readers does enforce belief in the truth of the story, the manner in which it is narrated will amuse.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

There once was a Painter, in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels (compar'd to the devils he drew)
Who besieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes such a damnable hue!
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son,—
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled thro' the air,
At seeing it, paus'd on the wing;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there.
To pay their respects to their king.
Every child at beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Drop'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles and said—
Oh! save me from ugly Old Nick!

What by day, the Painter so earnestly thought on
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey,
That the Devil himself was in sight!

"You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries
"Take heed how you wrong me again:
"Though your caricature's for myself I despise,
"Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
'Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance:
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Ev'ry look, ev'ry line, ev'ry feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye—to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of his nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail—
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind.
He touches again, and again feeds his sight
He looks round for applause, and he sees; with affright
The original standing behind!

"Fool! idiot!"—old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke
And stampt on the scaffold in ire:
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help, help me! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she sav'd him from harm,
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour:
While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

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